

The TECH

BRADLEY INSTITUTE, PEORIA, ILLINOIS



Volume XXIII

APRIL, 1920

Number Seven



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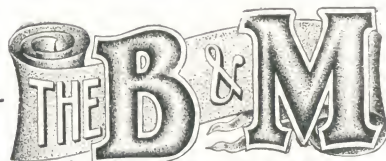
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201-203 S. ADAMS ST.

Please mention THE TECH when answering advertisements.

The Tech

THE TECH is a monthly magazine published by and devoted to the interests of the students of Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Illinois.

All communications of a business or editorial nature should be addressed to THE TECH.

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Crawford's Jewelry Store

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THE RIGHT THINGS IN
JEWELRY, WATCHES AND SILVERWARE
FOR THE RIGHT PRICE

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Pretty soon the outdoor sport season will begin. Then you will want some of the nifty sport clothes that Spring, 1920, has brought with it. The separate skirts are very much pleated, in the most striking plaid combinations. The sweaters are of many colored silks and wool in new styles that you'll adore.

School Clothes

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"The Fastest Growing Store in America"

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LITERARY

Edited by Helen Jane Dixon

HOW THE WATER BECAME BLUE.

The evening meal was over, and the three of us lay upon the sandy shore of the lake in several ungraceful, but thoroughly comfortable postures. The fishing had been good that day, and Cliff had tried his hand at hot biscuits, with a degree of success which Bill and I agreed was unusual, and altogether unexpected. So we had dined heavily and now, in the cool of the evening sunset, on the shore of Spider Lake, each of us looked contentedly upon the world, and found it good. Cliff broke the silence.

"Bill," he said, "Did you get a strike from the big fellow over in Turquoise Pool, today?"

"Didn't see a thing of him," answered Bill, "but we will keep after him, and sometime one of us will land him. A big fish like that is too prominent to elude three good fishermen very long."

"You know," continued Cliff lazily, "while you were out bait casting the other night, we were wondering what gives the water in Turquoise Pool that peculiar shade of blue. You might say that it is merely the reflection of the sunlight, but the queer thing about it is that no matter what time of the day you go there, so long as the sun is visible in the sky, the color remains the same—a bright turquoise blue. The name is certainly a most appropriate one. But why doesn't the rest of the lake have the same color? That's what we want to know.

Now Bill—John William Clemmens, in full—was thoroughly experienced in the topography of Grand Traverse County. What was still better, he had acquired a knowledge of the customs and the lore of the original inhabitants of the country that I have often marveled at. For Michigan, you know, has its folkstories and legends although they may not be so well known as those found in the older parts of the world. They have grown out of the legends and beliefs which the Indians told to the early settlers who first broke their way into the great expanse of the Northwest Territory. Just how Bill gained his knowledge, I have never understood. He first visited the country about the Boardman River, I believe, very early in his life in the company of his father. Since that first visit it has been his "regular stamping ground" to appropriate Bill's own words. So Cliff and I naturally looked to him for information and guidance on this, our first trip among the lakes.

"Well, fellows," said Bill, leisurely filling his old briar pipe, "I don't know enough about such matters to give you a rational explanation of the coloring of Turquoise Pool. But there is a story—a rather wild story—

connected with it. Let me see if I can remember it." And Bill proceeded to puff furiously upon his pipe for some time.

This was the hope and intention behind Cliff's questioning, I well knew—to bring Bill into the mood for story telling. We had enjoyed his tales on many nights such as this one in the past. The preliminary processes however, were usually more complex and difficult of accomplishment. Bill was essentially a "creature of moods."

"Four years ago," he began, "I put in several weeks up on the reservation. Good old dad was up here that year, and with him towing me along, we were given a royal reception. The old chiefs literally worshipped dad, and we went about the reservation as though we had been lords of the realm. This particular old Indian—name was Iago, as near as I can remember—told the story of Turquoise Pool one night, as the three of us sat with our pipes before his fire. It goes like this: A long, long time ago, before Mudjikewis had taken his place among the winds of the heavens, a great manito lived here on the shores of Spider Lake. With him, dwelt his only child, a beautiful maiden.

"Their dwelling place was isolated, and the journey to the nearest village required a great many moons of travel. But the Great Spirit supplied their wants, and they had no need for the society of men. The manito made arrows continuously. Every morning his daughter placed an arrow in the ground where he directed, with its head pointed toward the sky. And every evening when the maiden returned to the arrow, she found it pierced through the heart of some creature of the forest. Thus they were supplied with food and other necessities.

"Now, this maiden was so beautiful that, although the journey to her father's lodge was long and beset with great danger, still she had many suitors. For each young buck who appeared, seeking the hand of his daughter, the manito had but one reply.

"Grant but my daughter's first wish, and you shall be my son. But remember, I am powerless to help you, and if you fail in your quest, you must pay the penalty with your life."

Bill paused, relighted his pipe, placed it more comfortably in the corner of his mouth, and then continued, "I suppose there were about as many fools in those days as we have among us now. Anyhow, old Iago said that several dozen young braves had lost their life in one way or another, in order to please the fancy of this particular example of the eternal feminine." (Bill you see, was at that time an irreconcilable in the ranks of bachelors, although he has since married, and built a beautiful little home on Chicago Heights.)

"But to continue," said Bill, "the maiden's great desire was to possess the enormous rope of blue pearls which hung around the neck of the Great Bear of the mountain. This huge monster was a mighty manito, who sat daily upon the peak of his mountain, and watched over the plain beneath. Although many suitors traveled across the plain and up the steep slopes of the mountain in quest of the rope of pearls, none had ever returned. They were torn to pieces, and their bones strewn to the four winds.

"One night, in his dreams, the son of a great chieftain of the north-land saw the manito's daughter. In the early morning he went to his father's

lodge and told him of his dreams. Said he, 'Her eyes were like the dark pools of a woodland borok. She is far more beautiful than any woman I have ever seen. In my dream, she beckoned me to come, and I must go.' The old chief gave him his blessing, and the medicine-man gave him charms that would make him invulnerable, and the young brave set off on his journey. After many days of travel he reached the shore of Spider Lake—I think he came out of the woods right there on the point in the back of the tent—and so reached the lodge of the manito. The maiden gave him food, and after he had eaten, he recounted the adventures which had befallen him on his journey. When he had finished, the maiden spoke 'Since you have come so far to win my hand, let me test your bravery once again, before I become your wife. Go to the Great Bear of the Mountain, and if you return with the necklace of blue pearls, I will be your wife.'

"Well," Bill continued, "The old manito backed up his daughter's request and he had done in previous cases, and the young buck set out again. From far off, he could see the huge white monster asleep upon the top of the mountain. As he groaned and muttered in his sleep, the earth trembled and lightning flashed in the sky. The young Indian crept close to the Great Bear, and, severing the rope with one blow of his knife, removed the huge string of blue stones from around the bear's neck. He hurried down the side of the mountain, but he had not gotten far across the plain, before the Great Bear began to stir himself. Finally he arose and stood for some time before he noticed the loss of his necklace. When he did, he uttered a tremendous roar which shook the earth, and started after the Indian in great leaps, each of which carried him forward fifty paces. The Great Bear was rapidly overtaking him when the Indian reached the lodge of a manito who lived at the edge of the forest.

" 'I will help you,' said this man, 'Although you have stolen the Great Bear's necklace and sinned before the Great Spirit.' When the Great Bear had come close to the lodge, the manito took nine black rocks from his bag. These he placed about his lodge upon the ground. The bear stopped as he came to the edge of the circle of rocks. Next, from his bag the manito took a huge arrow with an enormous flint head. He jured the arrow at the bear, and the monster fell senseless upon the ground.

" 'Quickly now,' said the manito, 'the Great Bear of the Mountain is only stunned. We must cut his body into bits at once, else he will arise presently, and kill us both.' So they proceeded to cut the monster into many pieces which they scattered over the ground. And, as the pieces fell upon the ground, small brown bears sprang up from them and ran off into the woods. And," said Bill, "according to old Iago, that is the origin of the brown bear.

"Our young Indian returned to the lodge on Spider Lake," he continued, "with the rope of blue pearls. The manito's daughter saw him approaching from afar off, and hastened to meet him. But, just as the maiden reached out to grasp the stones which she desired above all else, the young brave turned, ran to the edge of the lake, and hurled the necklace far out over the water.

" 'Thus does the Great Spirit serve those who love themselves more than their brothers,' he said. The stones rapidly dissolved in the clear water of the pool, and colored it a beautiful shade of Turquoise blue, and so

it remains to this day, a warning to all selfish Indians who may hear the story.

"Maybe," concluded Bill, half repressing a yawn, "maybe there never were any blue pearls. And, maybe, if there had been, they would never dissolve in water. I don't know. Anyway, there is old Iago's story. Take it for what it is worth. As for me, I am going to turn in. Sunrise at four-thirty, you know, and we are going after the big fish over in Turquoise Pool."

—G. W. Allen.

'T WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT.

Dick sat up in bed. Somebody had called him. He recognized his sister's voice.

"Dick, wake up. There's a man watching our house. I put up the curtain and he was across the street looking straight over here. I know he's going to rob our house. I watched him for a long time but he hasn't moved. Look, there he is! You can see him from here," said Louise as she ran to Dick's window.

Dick followed and together they watched the man. It was true! He was gazing right at the house.

"I'll go out and ask him what he wants," Dick said finally.

"I should say not," cried his sister clutching his arm. "He'd probably black jack you or kill you."

"Don't be foolish. He won't do anything. I'll scare him away. Wish I had a gun," said Dick. He started for the door.

"You shan't go. Do you think I'm going to stay alone in this house? He probably has an alibi ready to climb in the back window now."

"Alibi? Do you mean accomplice?" asked Dick laughing.

"I don't care, you can't go. Oh, I wish dad was here", moaned Louise.

"I know what I'll do—I'll call the police" exclaimed her brother jumping up.

"Yes do. But I'll go with you. I won't stay here alone."

Together they tiptoed downstairs, Louise jumping at every creak of the steps.

"I must turn the light on to find the number," said Dick when they reached the telephone.

"Oh, don't do it. It'll scare him away and then we won't catch him. I know he'd come back and murder us in our beds," wailed Louise. "Ask information for the number."

"All right. Information," Dick whispered into the mouthpiece.

"Don't whisper, it scares me," sighed Louise.

"Well, if I talk out loud he'll hear me."

"He can't. He's too—"

"Give me the number of the police station. All right, thank you. Central, give me Main 214."

"Suppose the police aren't there."

"Silly, they're always—Hello, police station. Well, there's a man watching our house. Been doing it for the last couple of hours. He looks suspicious. You know, there's been lots of robberies up here.—Yes, you'll send someone up?—It's 106 West Nineteenth Street. We'll wait for you. Goodbye."

"Oh Dick, I'm so glad. Oh look! He's moving!

"Watch him Louise, while I get my coat on. He's probably going to meet his pal," and Dick dashed upstairs.

Louise watched with palpitating heart while the man crossed the street and stood in front of her house, looking down the street. Just as Dick came downstairs he set off for the corner.

"Dick, he's going. Suppose the police don't come in time. What'll they do to us when they can't catch him?"

"Nothing, foolish. I'll follow him and you watch for the police." Saying this Dick cautiously opened the door.

"Dick, I'm scared. I'd rather meet a burglar than the police and I don't know what to do."

"Just stay here. I won't be gone a minute. He's standing on the corner now. Goo' bye" and Dick sneaked out on the porch.

For a few minutes Louise watched her brother. Then when he disappeared in the shadow of a tree she ran upstairs and dressed hastily always keeping an eye on the motionless figure on the corner. She saw no more of her brother.

She had just finished when she saw a police patrol come down the street. "The police!" she gasped, running downstairs.

To her relief her brother was there directing them and they started for the corner. Louise hung trembling on the back step. She was determined not to be left behind.

"He's probably got a gun and desperate", she heard one man say. "Well grab his arms from behind and take it away."

Arrived at the corner they proceeded to carry out their plans. One of the men crept silently up behind his unsuspecting victim who was gazing down the street.

Just then his hand went to his hip pocket and came out with a dark and shiny object in its grasp.

The policeman sprang on him and it went clattering to the sidewalk. There was a crack and well-remembered fumes rose to the policeman's nostrils.

"Whiskey!" he gasped.

"Washamatter wishyou", spluttered the 'deperate burglar'.

"Come along with me," ordered the officer with a longing look at the stain on the sidewalk. "Don't you know it's way past the first of July?"

Louise was crouched in the wagon with her hands over her ears when the 'burglar' was shoved in.

"Oh, is anybody shot? Why, Mr. Sanbourne, what are you doing here?"

"Washam I doun? Waitin' f'r m' wife to go t' bed. Light's in the window. She'sh waitin' f'r me."

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes, he lives right next door. How did he get here?"

"I give up," said the officer of the law, walking impatiently away. "Somehow or other, I don't blame the poor stew for waiting for his wife to go to bed."

—Edith Dorsey.

AN OLD ONE.

(but still good)

I hurried into Mac's to my customary table and ordered my belated luncheon from George, the uncomplaining (why are waiters always called George?), and then I looked around the deserted restaurant. There was only one late diner besides myself a gentleman seated directly opposite me. Having nothing else to do for the moment but to wait for my "Hamburg and macaroni—10c", I looked my fellow victim over. He appeared to have recently recovered from a long illness, for his face was drawn and pale and thin, and as he ate, his hands shook as if from weakness. He probably felt my piercing stare pierce him, for he looked up and said, smiling, "You're a gentleman of leisure too, I see," glancing at the clock, which was pointing to two.

"On the contrary," I denied, "I am a man of travail. My practice is often so tedious that my luncheon is delayed until two."

"Ah," he replied, "you are a physician then. Perhaps you can do something for me."

"Very well," I answered, "after luncheon we'll go up to the office and attend to your case." And then we spoke of the coming presidential election in perfect amity.

"Your blood indicates gastritis for which you need a galenical remedy, such as tincture of aconite."

"Perhaps," smiled my new patient, "you would like to hear my story."

"Certainly," I replied, but was interrupted by my secretary.

"Would you please sign this check?" she asked.

"What's it for," I asked.

"Why, it's the first of the month, you know, and this is for the March drug bill."

"Now, let's have your narration," said I.

"Five years ago," he began, "I awoke in a Boston hospital. I had been knocked down by an automobile, they told me. I found that all memory of my past had left me. The next day a gentleman called on me, a man named Burns, a famous detective. It had been his machine that had knocked me down, he said. We struck up a warm friendship and when I was discharged from the hospital, Mr. Burns took me into his employ. I made such rapid progress that in two years I was Mr. Burns' chief assistant.

"One day Mr. Burns came into my office and said: 'Say, Heffelson, here's a little murder case I want you to take that's never been solved. A fellow by the name of Smythe was shot last month in a three cylinder town in Illinois called Peoria. The only evidence was a few finger-prints, but the fingers and the rest of the murderer were never found. Better try your fist at it. Fine little case'.

"Well, I went out there and stopped in at the jail and got the plate with the finger-prints. That evening I inspected the prints. I had just been eating a banana and my fingertips were greasy. I got the impression of my thumb on the plate and was going to wipe it off when I noticed that my thumb-print and that of the murderer were a trifle similar. 'Must have been a man of the same build as I', I meditated. I got out my magnifying

glass and compared the impressions. They were absolutely identical! I was the murderer! And I was hunting myself!

"And since then," concluded the patient solemnly, "I have chased myself all over the earth, but wherever I have stopped, I have been right after myself, ready to arrest me."

I thought it over. I had heard of the expression "Go chase yourself" but I had never heard of a person actually doing it. Clearly this fellow was either under the influence of the forbidden fruit (fermented) and ought to be in jail, or he was out of mental adjustment, and likewise ought to be under watchful eyes (this is only figurative, for everyone knows that a jail guard always has his eyes closed in deep slumber).

My meditation evidently disturbed my patient, for he said, impatiently, "Your obmutescence is slightly tiresome. What's wrong?"

"Please don't be so splenetic. It is bad for an invalid. I was just thinking about a discrepancy in your story," I said, to kill any suspicion about my thoughts that he might have. If I had a maniac on my hands I would have to humor him.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Why," I said, "I thought this murder occurred before you were hit by the auto, and yet you said it happened after you entered Burns' employ."

"Oh, did I say that?" he asked. "I shouldn't have s—I mean, it was a mistake. I shot the man six years ago."

"Well, I answered, "I have been thinking your case over, and I have decided that what ails you is not gastritis but sciatica, for which you need a valerian. I am out of it though, so I'll run across the hall and get some from Durell."

He stood up hastily. "Don't bother to call the police, he said, "I'm not intoxicated nor have I escaped from the booby-hatch. Goodbye." And he left hurriedly.

A second after he came back as if he had forgotten something. He looked at me with the expression of a small boy who has eaten all the jam that was hidden back of the pieplates and then yelled quite loudly, "April Fool."

— Norman Hoerr.

(Editor's Note—We have just received the information that the author of this story has been removed to the padded cell.

THE HIGH COST OF SLEEPING.

"Well, we're in a fine fix now—lease has just expired and no chance for a renewal!"

"Guess I'd better take a run down to that new rental office, mother. They will be able to take care of us all right."

And with a confident air, I started down town. Walking into the Metropolitan tower with all the confidence of a striking miner I dropped into Murphy and Isaac's office.

"Good morning!" said a bright young man. "Is anybody attending to you?"

"I'd like two rooms and a bath," I told him. "Never mind about maid's quarters. We can't keep one until Saturday anyway."

"Two rooms and a bath!" says the profiteer, thoughtfully. "Hard to

find, not a thing, not a chance in the world—say, let's see. I've got one on the sixty-first, newly furnished, only a hundred-fifty a month.

"One fifty—o-n-e f-i-f-t-y a month. Say whad y' 'a mean, one-fifty a month? Do I look like a butcher's wife or Jake Astor looking for a week-end hangout? Listen, I want a place that my mother and I can pay rent for and still exist?"

'Why certainly!' he says, "here's a nice two rooms and bath on the east side, only one twenty; just a moment and I'll get you a permit and you can look it over."

"Oh, that's much better. I'll run over there and see how I like it and let you know." And away I started, feeling that my troubles were over.

But after giving the place the once over I never went back.

—Millard Dalton.

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REPORTERS

Every Student of Bradley Institute.

WHY BOOST THE ENDOWMENT FUND? Let fancy stray for a moment and visualize Bradley Institute in her pomp and glory a decade from now.

With the gradual elimination of the academy work, the next step already contemplated by the board of trustees is a gradual evolution into a four-year university. Already the curriculum is filled with horology work and normal training, besides the standard academic work. But the true realization of business men's ambition, not the achievement of a dreamer's dream, will be when the present Bradley campus containing now but a few buildings will broaden to cope with the rapid addition of more beautiful limestone dormitories, a larger hall, although we would like to retain the stately Gothic entrance of our own hall, and several more additional buildings. Truly a wonderful visualization, but from all indications, we will all live to see the imaginary panorma in reality before our eyes.

There are causes and effects to every undertaking assumed. The evolution of Bradley from a prep college to a university comes under the same ruling. The primary cause for the existence of Bradley today, was the unselfish and noble ambition of a Peoria mother. The cause for the desired grandeur and service must come through the same channel. Unselfish loyalty and noble sacrifice by business men and women of able means are necessary to achieve the realization of Mrs. Bradley when she endowed Bradley Institute to the citizens of Peoria.

The trustees have deemed it necessary to float an endowment boost. It is up to the students of Bradley to comb the field of prospective contributors and show their love for their alma mater. Truly, there are other schools in Illihois that we might attend that have endowments large enough to battle the soaring cost of education. World statistics credit the state of Illinois with forty-four colleges. However, this is not the question, and should be a thought foreign to the minds of all Bradley students. We attend Bradley, we love Bradley, and we should grasp this opportunity to show our loyalty to Bradley. If our love is of the true type, we will think of our school continuously, and to think of an object always without making an effort to further its welfare is contrary to human nature. School loyalty is given to us in limited degrees, but "to him who hath, shall be given." We need Bradley, Bradley needs us. The time is ripe for action, since mere words have no play in deeds. Let us talk Bradley to our parents, friends, and strangers if we think we have a prospective contributor to Bradley's endowment.

We can easily remember the spring drives in the Great War. We are also aware of Tennyson's line of poetry, "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turus to thoughts of love," meaning that the balmy spring atomsphere is an incentive to wasting valuable time. Our decision must be made as to preference for participating in an individual drive for funds or wasting time. Our decision is to help Bradley by soliciting the valuable dollar for our school's welfare. What is yours?

"THE OPAL"

224 South Jefferson Ave.

For Ladies and Gentlemen

HIGH CLASS

Sodas, Candies and Billiards

We also serve luncheons.

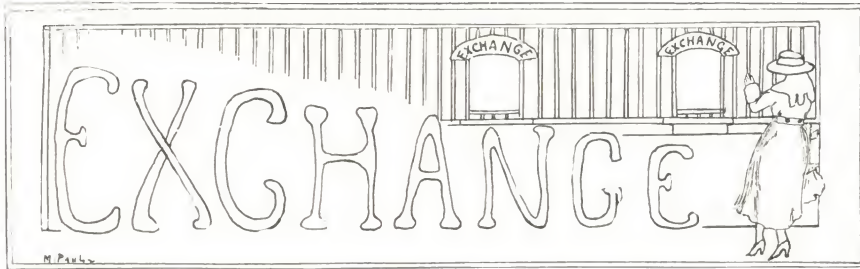
ZAGELMEYER'S PHARMACY

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

E. F. Zagelmeyer, R. Ph.

2128 Main Street

Peoria, Illinois



Edited by Adeline Wyatt.

The following exchanges for March were received: Illinois Wesleyan Argus, (Bloomington, Ill.); The Missouri Miner, (Rolla, Mo.); The Midillite, (Chicago, Ill.); Augustana Observer, (Rock Island, Ill.); Stoutonia, (Menomonie, Wis.); Eureka College Pegasus, (Eureka, Ill.); The Polytechnic, (Troy, N. Y.); Lombard Review, (Glaesburg, Ill.); The Blackburnian, (Carlinville, Ill.); The College Rambler, (Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill.); Commercial Bribery and Tipping Review, (Washington, D. C.); The Hedding Graphic, (Abingdon, Ill.); The Carthage Collegian, (Carthage, Ill.); The Western Courier, (Macomb, Ill.); The Collegiate World, (Indianapolis, Ind.); The Manual, (Peoria, Ill.); The Opinion, (Peoria High School.)

FASHION.

What is a fashion? Fashion is a pastime indulged in by some folks who have nothing else in particular to do. Fashion is a nuisance to those who would like to get three seasons' wear out of a perfectly good overcoat or hat.

Fashion is a farce with those playing the leads usually taking the fool's role.—*Ex.*

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and samian.
And caves where the cave men dwell.
Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod.
Some call it Evolution
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfield,
And the wild geese sailing high.
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

Like tides on the crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin;

Into our hearts high yearnings
 Come welling and surging in—
 Come from the mystic ocean
 Whose rim no foot has trod.
 Some of us call it Longing
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
 A mother starved for her brood;
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,
 And Jesus on the road.
 And millions who, humble and nameless
 The straight, hard pathway plod.
 Some call it Consecration
 And others call it God.

The death of Dr. William Henry Wilder, president of Illinois Wesleyan University, 1888-1896, occurred Monday, March 1, at Wesleyan. Dr. Wilder was a christian gentleman in the highest, sincerest sense of the word. He was a splendid orator. Wise, kindly-hearted, gentle, uncompromising in his ideals of right and wrong, untiring in service, generous, he is a man whose memory is bound up with the history of Wesleyan, and can not die while Wesleyan lives.—*Ex.*

The Eureka College Pegasus comes with some "pep" and enthusiasm as that shown in any undertaking by Eureka. All the departments are fairly complete. The stories, when there is more than one, are exceptionally good.

As usual the Augustana Observer is enjoyed. There are quite a number of to-be-authors and they all contribute freely. Augie students are very sincere and faithful in all that they do. The article or report of the convention at Bradley was indeed good and shows keen interest on the part of the delegates present. The exchange department is fine and shows a great deal of hard work and honest opinion.

He who can disregard popularity and be faithful to his convictions has found the secret of power.

A college newspaper to be ideal, must keep in the closest possible touch with undergraduates' opinions and ideals.—*Dartmouth.*

THE EGOTIST.

I am pained by each mistake
 And yet I don't repine
 For those that other people make
 Are always worse than mine.—*Ex.*

The Illinois Wesleyan Argus is truly a paper for Wesleyanites—alone. The literary department is shamefully neglected and only news of dis-

tinctively personal form seems to appeal, at least it prevails. The paper is particularly well filled with advertisements—they are essential of course, but to a temperate extent.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

This plan might create more interest at B. P. I. or even if girls' athletics were given more recognition:

New Hampshire College.

Phi Mu at New Hampshire College, Durham, N. H., recently announced a gold medal to be given annually to a Senior girl. The announcement follows:

"Beta Gamma Chapter of Phi Mu announces that beginning with next year, it will offer annually a gold medal for proficiency in athletics combined with scholastic ability, and all-around participation in college activities.

"The medal will be awarded to the Senior girl who best satisfies the above qualifications. According to the conditions adopted by the chapter, the medal will be given on the following basis:

"Fifty points for excellence in Physical Education, determined both by skill and the spirit in which the work is carried out.

"The remaining fifty points must be satisfied by evidence of unusual scholastic capacity, democracy, loyalty, and helpfulness in college associations and activities.

"No candidate will be considered who does not have an average grade for her college work above 80.

"It should be understood that the candidate must have a four years' average above 80.

"The candidate will be judged in regard to the Physical Education work on the basis of: First, the number of class teams she has tried out for, as well as the number of teams she has made; and secondly, her proficiency in gymnasium work. The Phi Mu medal is designed so that it can be worn on a ribbon or as a locket, and it is the hope of its donor that it will stimulate interest in girls' athletics and will be a great incentive in developing a stronger, wholesome, all-around type of woman student at New Hampshire College."

We are right up among the big colleges of the country. The Collegiate World for March speaks well of us. The following appeared:

"The greatest fault in the majority of us is the absolute failure to bear out the admonitions of our own minds and wills.—*The Tech.*"

AT OUR OWN SCHOOL.

The annual convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, held in Peoria, February 27th to 29th, was a very splendid and helpful convention. There were twelve colleges from Central Illinois represented and although it was not great in number, a great deal was accomplished. Bradley was indeed fortunate to have such a convention and should feel a decided appreciation of such a privilege. The lectures heard should make us feel the need of making a life work decision now.

"The whole convention was characterized by spirit of devotion and true Christian fellowship. The minds of all the delegates were permeated by the same desire; all were made to realize that they had a common goal, regardless of denominational differences.

"The main speakers were Dr. Sloan from China, Missionary Blaisdell from India, and Dr. Swemer, who is working among the Mohammedans in Arabia and Egypt.

"Dr. Sloan has for seven years been engaged in medical work in the city of Nankin, China. He addressed the convention at three different sessions. In his speech Saturday night he pictured the great physical need of the Chinese nation. The conditions in which these four hundred millions of people are living defy all descriptions. He related an experience that he had when he first arrived in the city of Nankin. Dr. Sloan was then left alone with 650 patients in a hospital that had only fifty beds and almost no equipment such as he had been used to in the American hospitals. There was not even a sufficient water supply and no means of heating water. There were seven times as many patients as could properly be taken care of. This congestion made it impossible to keep the place sanitary. Such are the conditions in those places where medical care is given to two per cent. of the population, whereas, the other ninety-eight per cent. are left to live and to die without any care except what superstitious native doctors can render them.

"What, then, are the medical missionaries doing to improve the conditions in China? To build hospitals and care for the sick would not be sufficient. The people must be taught how to live in a sanitary state, how to build their homes and cities, how to prevent the spreading of contagious diseases by means of vaccination. The value of medical work in connection with religious instruction is best illustrated by an incident which was told by Dr. Sloan. A certain Chinese who had received aid from a medical doctor was listening to a missionary telling about Jesus. This Chinese stood up and exclaimed: "I know that man whom you are telling about. It is this doctor that cured me when I was sick." If a medical missionary is thus able to reveal the love of Christ by rendering aid to those poor people who are brought up in the belief of superstition and idolatry we can well realize the need of more physicians to go along with the religious teachers to the foreign mission fields.

"Missionary Blaisdell spoke at several of the sessions. His main address was given Saturday afternoon on the subject: "Qualifications of a Foreign Missionary." He stated three main qualifications that every successful missionary must have, namely, the physical, the intellectual and the spiritual.

"An important requirement is the intellectual training. Nothing short of the very best that our colleges can afford is good enough for a foreign missionary. The problems that confront him in his work cannot be solved but with a strong mind.

"The most fundamental requirement, however, is the spiritual training. This cannot be acquired in any seminary or university but only in the school of experience. The foreign missionary is beset with dangers with which the religious worker at home does not meet. There are many missionaries who have taken up their work on the foreign field with great zeal, but after a few years they have lost their religious fervor and drifted away from their former faith in Christ. Only those who have a strong character, a living faith in God, and a fervent love to their fellowmen are fit to become the light-bearers to the heathen world.

"Dr. Swemer is undoubtedly the greatest authority on the Moslem problem of today. He has spent a number of years as missionary among the Mohammedans in Arabia and Egypt. His very presence at the convention made a lasting impression on all who had the opportunity to meet him. His message was such that it cannot easily be forgotten. In his address Saturday night he made it his aim to point-out the impossibilities in the work among the Mohammedans. He charged the Christian Church of partiality in regard to her missionary program. While she is sending the gospel to every people on the globe she seems to have forgotten that there are two hundred million people of the Islam faith who also need the gospel of Christ. The fact that it is the most difficult missionfield should not cause us to exclude it from our program of evangelizing the world.

"On Sunday morning Dr. Swemer preached in the First Methodist church, where the delegates from the convention gathered in a body. In his sermon he pointed out some of the fundamental characteristics of Christianity that make it the absolute religion and on account of which it can meet the religious needs of every age and every people. There are *some* elements of truth in every religion, but Christianity is *the* truth.

"Much could be said about this convention and the impressions that the delegates carried with them as they returned home. The benefits of attending conventions of this kind cannot be overrated. One of the delegates was telling that his interest for foreign missions had first been kindled at a similar convention, and there are undoubtedly scores of others that could give the same testimony. The resolutions passed by the several delegations all centered about one main purpose: To use every influence to arouse a greater interest for foreign missions and thus help to realize the motto of the Student Volunteer Movement, "The Evangelization of the World in This Generation."—*Ex.*

Beauty is all that women have to fight with, but they'll never be arrested for carrying concealed weapons.—*Ex.*

Education—the sum total of all the things we haven't been taught.—*Ex.*

NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGNS FOR COLLEGE ENDOWMENTS.

B. P. I. should get in the race. We are all positive we need dormitories and absolutely sure that our faculty members need more remuneration for the hard hours put in. Other schools have done it, are doing it and now that we are enlarging our departments and making Bradley a regular four-year college, funds must come from some place.

"Many will be surprised to learn that although Brown has started a "drive" for \$3,000,000, this is a very small sum when compared to campaigns of other universities. Even Harvard's drive for \$15,000,000 is a small sum when compared to the amounts which two other American universities ask.

"Northwestern University, near Chicago, wants \$25,000,000, of which \$10,000,000 is to be used for new buildings and their maintenance, \$11,000,000 for expansion of work, and the balance for an increase in faculty salaries. The University of Pittsburgh undertakes a campaign for \$16,000,000, but this is to be a "quiet, continued quest," with \$1,500,000 was the goal for

---a vital contract

When you choose new clothes have you ever stopped to consider the act as a vital contract you make with your appearance.

Is not that exactly what it is?

You select this suit or that to express to your friends and the strangers you meet what are your ideas of style, good taste and value.

No friend you have, or enemy, stays as close to you as the clothes you wear—ever think of that?

O'Brien-Jobst Good Clothes

are the ideal contract for you to make; they're made by The House of Kuppenheimer and other fine makers. They are more than just clothes—they are good appearance—they mirror to friend and stranger alike that you have good taste and good judgment.

Everything that is new and good in suits, hats, shirts and furnishings await you at the



O'BRIEN-JOBST CO.

"Men's Wear"

113 SOUTH JEFFERSON AVENUE
PEORIA, ILLINOIS

—the house of Kuppenheimer clothes.



Copyright 1920 The House of Knippenheimer

—a live store on a live street.

1920, and \$1,000,000 each year thereafter until the total sum is realized. Thus the Pittsburgh campaign differs from the "drive" with which by now the public is so familiar.

It is computed that as many as seventy-five American colleges and universities are hard at work in campaigns for the enlargement of salaries of their teaching staffs; and for gifts for the erection of new buildings and the provision of greater facilities. Princeton had intended to ask for \$24,000,000, but the Frick bequest of \$10,000,000 was made and the effort now goes forward with \$14,000,000 as the ultimate sum; of this amount nearly a third was subscribed at the end of January. Cornell's campaign for \$10,000,000 starts this month, as does that of New York University for \$6,000,000. Smith College wants \$4,000,000, Mount Holyoke, \$3,000,000, and Bryn Mawr, \$2,000,000. Boston University asks a large sum. A publication of Vanderbilt University has collected information upon these "drives," and its data shows that various colleges, comparatively little known in the East, although they long have done excellent work, are seeking funds, as Baldwin-Wallace College, which wants \$1,000,000; Muskingum College, which asks for half that sum, and old Washington and Lee, which will try also for \$1,000,000.

"Nine Wisconsin universities are associated in a plan to raise \$5,000,000. Various institutions have plans under discussion, as Tufts College and Columbia University. In all, these colleges are asking their alumni and friends for no less than \$200,000,000."—*From the Brown Daily Herald, Providence, R. I.*

Stores in all Principal Cities

105 S.
Adams
St.

SHERMAN'S

Peoria,
Illinois

Next to Central National Bank Building

The Store that
will Save you

\$8.00 to \$10.00

on your next purchase
of a Suit or Overcoat.

EAGLE "MIKADO"



PENCIL No. 174



Regular Length, 7 inches

For Sale at your Dealer.

Made in five grades

Conceded to be the Finest Pencil made for general use.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK



Edited by J. M. Kelly.

JUSTICE?

There are something like fifty or sixty young men in the prime of life who are attending Bradley Horological school supposedly at the expense of the government. These young men for the most part have been disabled to a certain extent for life from wounds or sickness sustained while fighting for their country.

The Federal Board of Vocational Education was established by an act of Congress to rehabilitate such boys as these byt Congress did not stipulate any certain amount to be spent on any individual education.

Recently the Federal Board representatives from Chicago were informed by school officials that \$200.00 would be a sufficient amount to allow for each individual's tools and material while taking this course. These figures were based on what it cost one man to take the course and not on what it cost several students to go through with it. After investigation it is to be noted that this man, a Mr. Williams, was a student far above the average. One, who by his adeptness to the work, used very little material as compared to the average student and after further investigation it is found that among the government men now in school quite a number have gone over the \$200.00 limit and are paying for their material out of their own pockets, while others who haven't exceeded the limit will do so before they complete the course, and unless the allowance is raised these boys will have to pay the difference or stop the course.

These boys, while fighting for the freedom of the world, did not put a limit on the hours they should fight nor did they put a limit on the sacrifices they should make. If they had, these United States would be paying an indemnity to Germany large enough to educate all of the German youngsters for fifty years to come. But that is not the point. The Government has made a contract with these boys to teach them a trade by which they might make a living and if it takes one dollar or one thousand dollars a man to educate them, the government owes it to them to stand the bill. Can the loss of a leg or the impairment of one's health be measured by a few dollars? The faculty of Horology Hall know that \$200.00 will not put the average disabled man through jewelry, elementary watchwork, finishing and engraving, and they owe it to these boys to strike a fair average and inform the Federal Board of their findings. The men seek justice only, not charity.

NEWS ITEM.

Campbell has at last arrived in C room. Now let the proceedings proceed.

CAN YOU IMAGINE'

Teed complimenting your work.
 Shorty Cobb keeping silence.
 Fletcher doing the shimmy.
 Material Room giving things away.

PEP UP

Horologs, if you have baseball ability, go out for the team and show it. There is plenty of good material here and we should be well represented on the varsity.

From the amount of boasting the Nebraska bunch in engraving do, you would think that their native place was good enough to be annexed by the United States.

Hainline, the champion toreador of Horology Hall took his pet cow and left engraving. 'Twas a wonderful cow and we will miss it.

Ludendorf—"Why the good samaritan expression, George?"

Hammer—"I was just thinking of how fortunate the fair damsels of Peoria will be. My wife is leaving town for a visit and I'll be able to devote a little of my attention to them."

Ludendorf (aside)—"Boys, his mind is wandering, but don't hold that against him, for he is so good to his family."

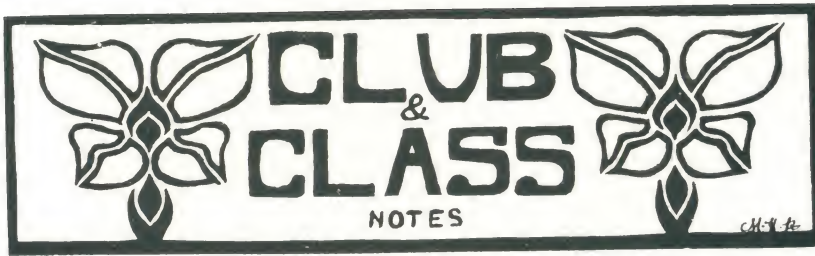
DAILY HABITS.

Clarno—Strolling on Bradley Ave.
 Swiney—Coming late and leaving early.
 Rhynsburger—Bumming cigarettes.
 Smith—Asking foolish questions.
 Kelly—Dates with the doctor.
 Overstreet—Ruining watches.
 Pobst—Letters to and from Greencastle, Ind.

Fletcher wonders why Roeder goes to supper in the afternoon and dinner in the evening, also why Shorty Cobb gives his leg a rest.

FEDERAL STUDENTS ORGANIZE.

The Federal students of Bradley met in the lecture room of Horology Hall last month to discuss plans for organizing into a body to aid one another not only in school benefits, but to find out the needs and wants of the men and devise means and ways to present them to the proper authorities for attention. Mr. Barber was chosen as temporary chairman. He read a letter from the secretary of a similar organization at Chicago University, describing the benefits to be derived from such a club. A motion was made and adopted that a committee be appointed to act on matters of organization. Newman Jones was elected temporary secretary. It goes without saying with so many Federal Board students here that an organization such as this is sure to be, should help the boys socially, benefit them in their school work and effect better co-operation with the Federal Board.



Edited by Hazel Ramsey

Y. W. C. A. SHOW.

Perhaps the stunt at which all the Bradleyites were present, was the Y. W. C. A. play given on Friday, February 19th in the chapel.

"Mrs. Pat and the Law" and "The Gilded Brick" were two plays of such distinct types of characters that it was difficult to say which one was the most pleasing to the audience.

The Bradley orchestra, Mr. Wahl and Mr. Breyfogel as directors, played many familiar selections before the play and between acts. However we all realize that the success of the whole affair was due to Mrs. Packard, Mrs. Swaim and Miss Guinn, who coached the plays.

The Y. W. C. A. wishes to thank all those who gave, so liberally, their talent and time in making this event the most successful event of the year.

ENGLISH CLUB.

At the sixth regular meeting of the English Club held Wednesday, March 17th in the Social Hall of the Gym, plans were laid for the part which the club is to have in the annual stunt show in Bradley Chapel. The program consisted of another round table. The evening's discussion was confined to modern poetry and modern facts. As the meeting adjourned, the consensus of opinion seemed to be that "British Poets of the nineteenth century" and English literature, are greatly to be preferred to a comprehensive study of modern poets and their works.

The English Club met Monday, February 16th at the home of Miss Pauline Gauss. The 'business' transacted amounted to a consideration of plans for the annual banquet of the club.

Miss Guinn had charge of the program. Each member was assigned a short topic relative to the modern theatre. The general discussion afforded everyone an opportunity to talk, and, quite naturally, the 'round table' was voted a huge success.

Monday, February 9th the English Club sponsored a recital by Miss Hatense Nielson, in Bradley chapel. Miss Nielson's program was Ibsen's "Doll's House" and one scene from "As You Like It."

FAMOUS BROTHERS WE KNOW.

Cough drops—Smith Brothers.
Automobiles—Dodge Brothers.
Horologs—Kendall Brothers.
And your best girl's little brother.

G. A. A. NOTES.

A G. A. A. meeting was held last quarter in an attempt to interest the girls in hiking. Miss Sturtevant gave a rousing talk after which the president told something of the plans for hiking and had the hiking regulations read from the Constitution. Adelind Wyatt later gave a brief talk on tennis.

The following girls have signed up for hikes: Helen Palmquist, Averil Leadley, Fern Smiger, Mildred Strine, Hazel Ramsey, Emeline Morey, Gertrude Schoenheider, Lois Hurlburt, Margaret Bush, Helen Penniwell, Ada Tucker, Marie Brungard, Marjorie Packard, Henrietta Proctor, Mary Stowe, Bee Daly, Dorothy Hayward, Leda Wysong, Mabel Ditch.

The weather is ideal now for hiking and a meeting will soon be called to elect hike leaders and arrange a schedule. You cannot spend a more profitable hour after school than in a five mile walk. Ten mile hikes will be arranged for Saturdays. Girls, it's great sport to hike to Washington, Pekin, or Alta, take eats along and come back on the train!

According to the G. A. A. constitution a numeral for walking will be awarded when 100 points have been earned, in accord with the following rules:

I.

Seventy (70) of the 100 points must be earned as follows:

(a) One five (5) mile walk 10 points
Two and one-half miles must be continuous travelling with not more than one hour rest at the end of two and one half miles.

(b) One ten (10) mile walk 20 points.
Five miles must be continuous walking with not more than one and one-half hours rest at the end of five miles.

(c) One eight (8) mile walk 15 points.
Continuous walking—five minute rests when necessary.

(d) One ten (10) mile walk 25 points.
Continuous walking with five minute rests when necessary.

II.

The other thirty (30) points may be earned by a number of hikes, no one of which is to be of less than 10 points value.

WHITMAN'S CANDIES

Perfumery, Toilet Water, Roges and Powders, Brushes, Combs and Razors

RED CROSS PHARMACY

Wm. D. Lacey, Prop.



Edited by Howard E. Kelly and Ernest R. Stotler

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

During the recent vacation two of the students of the Manual Arts Department were visiting in a city in the eastern part of the state. As the schools of that city were in session, the two students decided to inspect the woodworking shop at the high school.

On all previous occasions when visiting at this shop, the greatest courtesy had been shown the students by the two instructors in charge of the work. For instance, many of the designs were explained and criticized, the general grade of work of the pupils noted, as well as the recalling of previous shop and school conditions.

On this occasion all was changed. The two Bradley students entered the shop and found their way around just by chance, as it were. At last they came to a classroom in which a group was being instructed in mechanical drawing. The two Bradleyites stopped here, thinking of looking over the work being done. The instructor of the class was close by, aiding one pupil in loading a blueprint frame. Beyond a perfunctory greeting he did not accord the visitors any more notice. After the frame was loaded he went around the class on a sort of tour of inspection and then left the room.

Going from the drafting to the elementary wood work room, the Bradley men sought to engage the instructor of that branch in conversation, as at that particular time he did not have a regular class. But do you suppose that they were successful? Well, hardly. After a few common-place remarks the instructor advanced the information that he was a new man (he had only been in this shop seven months!) and scarcely was competent to talk intelligently concerning the work. At about this stage of the game, the visitors decided that they had more important business elsewhere, and accordingly left the building.

These Bradley men might draw either or both of two inferences. The instructors may have originated some "no trespassing" rules of their own and considered the visitors as rank outsiders (evidently "rankest" would apply better) in which instance they were wholly ignorant of shop etiquette

as it is practiced in the better schools throughout the country. The other deduction is that the instructors were really too inexperienced in the work to carry on a relatively intelligent conversation and took this means of carrying off the occasion, either by chance or design.

The latter of the two is really the more plausible deduction. This is borne out by noting the condition of the tools in the shop—dusty, dull, not properly adjusted, nor properly used. There, then, is our admonition to the prospective Bradley teachers: Don't appear uppish or conceited when visitors appear in your shop, but accord to them every courtesy in your power. It doesn't require much of your time, it is a good advertisement for the school, for Bradley, and for yourself. And above all, keep the shop in a neat condition at all times. One cannot always know who will drop in, nor at what time. Know the uses and capabilities of the different machines, too, so that when giving instructions in their use you are sure of giving them correctly. Not only should this be true on account of the pupils under you, but it would be rather embarrassing to have a visitor step in and offer suggestions for even the simplest work on your own machines.

THE TWO CAMPS.

Some months ago, Dr. Ashman delivered a lecture before the student body, setting forth the desirability of making the use of the metric system compulsory in the United States. As was pointed out, the superiority of this system made its adoption almost a necessity, particularly due to the ease of its use in the sciences.

More recently, however, Mr. Wharry appeared before the students and gave them the other side of the argument, that which is used by practically all of the manufacturers in this country in their united effort to keep in force the English system. These two talks were given in the best of spirit, serving to present both sides of a question that is claiming much of the attention of the interested people.

All persons will have to grant that as far as abstract figuring is concerned, the metric system, or rather the decimal system as it should be termed, has no equal. By it can be performed the addition of fractions, the multiplication of mixed numbers, etc., with great ease. In scientific work the use of the system is shown at its best.

There are a great many objections to making the use of the decimal system compulsory, at least at this particular time when our foreign trade is being carried on under such close competition with other countries. In the first place twenty-five years would be a conservative estimate of the length of time necessary to make anything like a complete change. During that time all of our manufacturing concerns would be at a great disadvantage—they could not begin to compete with their standard output, either in quantity or price. Then, too, not only would all of the hundreds of millions of dollars worth of tools, dies, precision gauges, measuring devices and standards of this country become obsolete, necessitating their renewal with the decimal standards, but complete sets of both of the above systems would necessarily be kept on hand in order to carry out any repair work on machines built prior to the compulsory ruling.

The United States has a most enviable position in the manufacturing world today. Its output of articles cannot meet the demand, and orders are filled with goods that are sent to all parts of the world. Why, then, should the United States attempt a change which could not in any respect begin to pay for its cost, when the present system is wholly adequate?

The belief is quite common that the metric system is an almost universal use throughout the world, with the exception of North America, Great Britain, and Russia. This is an erroneous belief, as almost the opposite is the truth. Many of the smaller countries are using two or more systems, and practically only three of the larger powers—Belgium, Germany and France, measure in the decimal system. Even in France, where the use of the system has been compulsory for decades the English units are used in measuring the gearing and threads on machines. Noting the experience France has had, the conclusion is that the best way to regulate the matter is to let the decimal system come into use of its own accord. If it possesses so many merits, there will be no need of laws compelling its use.

The talk of a universal system sounds all right, but is rather misleading. Each country has practices and customs peculiar to itself, and to no other. Therefore, although a meter in the United States is exactly the same length as the meter in France, it is hopeless to think that the different parts of machines made in the two countries would be interchangeable. It would mean a new regulation, the customs, manners, and characteristics of the different peoples of the world, and molding them all into the same general way of thinking and acting.

The work of the World Trade Club of San Francisco in advocating the adoption of the decimal system bespeaks of German propaganda. This club is located in a portion of the country where there is little manufacturing, it spreads its literature among those who are not largely qualified to judge the merits of the systems, its methods approach the underhanded, and already has the Club been called to account by different attorneys for carrying on unlawful negotiations. Hence, it would be wise, in considering this matter, to note both sides to the question, keeping in mind that the W. T. Club has little of actual interest in the use of the system in everyday life, and that every manufacturer in this country is in favor of continuing the use of the present system.

A CHANGE IN THE FACULTY.

The students who are taking machine shop will be under the supervision of Mr. Phil Becker, for the remainder of the school year. This arrangement has been made necessary on account of Mr. Raymond leaving Bradley to accept a position at Avery's.

Mr. Raymond has been a member of the Bradley faculty for a long time coming to the institute in the year of 1898. During his time here he has given instruction to hundreds of students, who have later gone out into the world, and used such knowledge to gain good positions. Perhaps the best and most lasting monuments that Mr. Raymond leaves behind him are the numerous machines in the Bradley shops that were constructed under his supervision.

The TECH wishes all success to Mr. Raymond in his new position.

A new member has been added to the Bradley faculty, in the person of Mr. Travis. Mr. Travis is now instructing the class in forging, during the first and second hours each morning. Mr. Travis' regular work is at the Holt Manufacturing Company, but on account of the arrangement of the different shifts he has been able to take on this added work.

NEW TESTING APPARATUS IN GARAGE.

A new piece of testing apparatus has been made and installed in the garage for testing carburetors. This machine is called a fan dynamoter and was patterned after the Franklin machine shown in the S. A. E. handbook. Brickner has done most of the actual building of this machine.

The idea of the fan dynamometer is rather simple. It is made with a shaft which is directly driven from the crank shaft of the motor and on this shaft are mounted two fan blades of sheet aluminum. A Tachometer is geared to the shaft to indicate the number of revolutions it makes and this instrument is hung from the ceiling to overcome the motor vibration.

The machine was made to handle a series of tests for a Peoria firm who make a new carburetor to handle low grade fuels. Comparative tests have been made using a Marvel, a Rayfield and a Shebler carburetor on a six-cylinder Studebaker motor.

From a series of curves when the engine is under full load the horse power developed is computed.

To make this test the motor is run until it is warm and then a certain number of pounds of fuel is put in the tank. The motor is then run until the fuel is exhausted, time being kept and the speed recorded. After the

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13—Pocket and Carom Billiard Tables—13

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motor is settled to pulling, the speed is almost uniform. Then another carburetor is placed on the motor and a new record made as above. By a series of these tests the carburetors are tested and the better one is found.

NOTES.

Brickner is to remain in the automobile department next quarter to help with the mechanism and storage battery work.

Mr. Wharry, upon finding a text book lying on the floor: "Say, some of you must consider yourselves as snakes if you intend to use the books in their present positions."

You might as well give it up fellows, there's no use in trying to kid Murray about his loud shirts, and you can't make Hypes blush by calling him "Mack Sennet's Bathing Beauty."

The "Opal" Billiard Parlor

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EAT A PLATE OF ICE CREAM EVERY DAY!

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Edited by James Scott.

SPRING SEASON OPENS.

Following the close of those ten short days of vacation and immediately after the opening of the spring quarter all athletics open with a boom. Baseball, track, golf, tennis, and the rest each have their following and this year each has an extraordinary following. A great spring should be enjoyed by the followers of athletics at Bradley this year. Many spring festivities are being planned by Mr. Bikle and the team managers. The inter-scholastic and inter-collegiate track meets both on the Bradley campus; the inter-school tennis and golf tournament and the academy baseball league. With all these branches to go through, this season tends to be a busy one.

Baseball, the major sport has already gotten under way. Many men have signed up and it appears, that there are a bunch of followers of the national game, in school.

Pat Cusack was elected captain and has been busy with his proteges for a week or two. He has about six men who claim to be twirlers and if even three of these develop into good pitchers, Bradley will have a good background for a team. Cusack himself is fighting for a place behind the bat with competition from a Horolog, Kelly. Last year witnessed the weakness of a good battery, but the outlook this year is very bright in this respect. The academy baseball team will play in the city league. Last year Peoria High won the championship shield. The Bradley academy team was second.

The invitations for the interscholastic have been issued to over 100 high schools in Illinois and this year's interscholastic points to a banner year. The Bradley academy team is rounding into good shape with many good men to enter the contests. Last year the Bradley team with little material, finished third.

The inter-collegiate tournaments and track meet will be keenly competed. Illinois College, last year's winners, will come back strong this year. Milikin is also very strong and Wesleyan and Bradley are lining up some good material. The best golf tourney ever held will probably come, due to the fact that McCormick and Salzenstein, Bradley's two stars have both left school. These two men copped first and second for two years. but with their absence competition tends to be closer. As for tennis Bradley has two former stars, Tucker and Catlin. Both played into the semi-finals last year. All in all a gay spring season of athletics will be held.

INTER-SCHOOL GOLF AND TENNIS.

In former years it has been easy to pick the best tennis and golf players in school, but this year, it is a different story entirely. With many new men in the games it will be hard to decide until after we have seen all of them play.

The tennis courts which we have not been able to use for two years are again in shape and the school tourney will soon be finished. The finalists in this tournament will compete for honors in the I. I. A. A. meet at Bradley on May 28th.

The golf tournament is already under way with many new names on the list and much even competition. Don Hayward seems a logical winner as he has a perfect drive and approach shot. Bob Hayward too has played the course at boggy many times and should be in at the finish. Paul, one of the other faithful followers of the "hit and chase" sport has been playing a splendid game this season. There are other good players in school and the tournament should be a very interesting one. The finalist in this tourney competes in the state championship tourney in May.

THE BASKETBALL TOURNEY.

Bradley's most unsuccessful basketball season closed after two one-sided games at the tournament. Last December everyone predicted a fine season for Bradley's team. A wealth of good material turned up and after the successful football season it seemed natural that a good basketball season would follow. But to our disappointment the Bradley team finished near the bottom.

The first five games were very pleasing, the team winning four out of the five. But from then on things went the other way. Bradley lost four games straight and then beat Eureka. This Eureka victory put a ray of hope into the team and the outlook again was brighter, but the next game with Normal was another defeat. Bill Allen took the team here after Mr. Brown left and the week before the tourney Lombard beat the team again. So Bradley won five and lost seven games, a poor record, in fact the poorest Bradley ever had.

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WHY?

First; Because they are the best
and cost no more.

G. N. PORTMAN

122 North Adams Street

At the tournament Bradley apparently drew the best schedule in years and the first team was mistakably taken to be an easy match but they handed out a severe drubbing to the Bradley crew and sent them on to play the powerful Milikin five. This was another easy defeat and the B. P. I. tossers were through. The first team out of the running. There are no alibis to make; it was just Bradley's poor season.

INTER-SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP.

A basketball tourney was held to decide the interschool champions. The eight basketball teams were lined up in tournament form and after the first games, Loveridge's, Barton's, Mason's and Hayward's teams remained to play. Hayward played Loveridge in one of the best games that have been played in inter-school basketball. Loveridge won through the scoring of Walters, 16 to 12. Mason defeated Barton in a somewhat onesided game, Mason himself scoring most of the points. Mason and Loveridge played for the championship and although the score was very onesided it was a fast and interesting game. The final score stood 10 to 20. Hayward and Barton played for third place and Barton won. The final standing was Loveridge, Mason, Barton, Hayward. The all-star team: Walters, forward, Stuber, forward, Mason, center, L. Hayward, running guard, Loveridge, guard.

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BILLIARDS
basement Lehmann Building
"The Gentlemen's Game."

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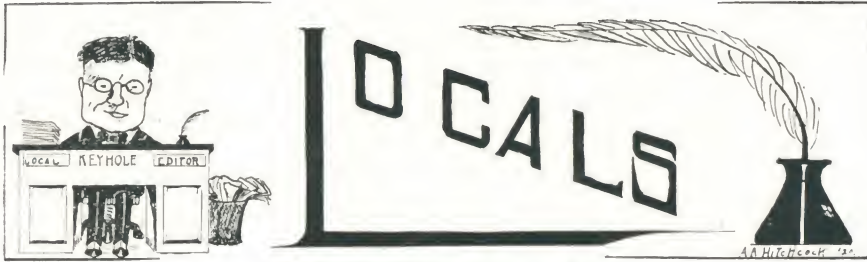
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Serges.

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Edited by Laughton H. Paul

Schmidt—"Why, what a tiny little boy your brother is."
 "I guess that's because he's only my half brother."

Dr. Swaim—"What is the difference between electricity and lightning?"
 Patrick—"Well, you don't have to pay anything for lightning."

Prof—"Your report should be written so that even the most ignorant could understand it."
 Humber—"What part is it that you don't understand?"

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL.

The new pupils were asked their names by the teacher.
 "Jule," said one.
 "No," said the teacher, "Julius."
 Passing on to the next, the teacher made the usual inquiry.
 "Bill," said the next boy, "but I guess you'd call me Bilious."

Prof. Comstock—"How do you find your new janitor?"
 Mr. Lyman—"Oh, I look in the shade of the tree nearest his work."

Mr. Johnson (to boy who sweeps out shop)—"The boy I had before is worth twice as much as you are."
 Mattocks—"Did he get it?"

A correspondent asks this knotty problem: "A young gentleman becomes engaged to a beautiful young lady; but some little time before their wedding he learns that she has a wooden leg. Should he break it off?"

ON THE CHAPEL PLATFORM.

The Prof.—"I wish now to tax your memory—"
 Student—"Ye gods, has it come to that?"

Second-story men are in demand at dinners,—providing their first stories make a hit.

Edith—"Why Buster! Don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?"
 Bus—"Not any more. I used to when I slept in a folding bed, tho."

Vera Stamp—"Why were the boys taking up that collection?"
 Gretchen—"To hire a coach for the team."
 V. S.—"Huh, I'd let them walk."

Dr. Packard—"A biped is anything that goes on two feet. Can you name one?"

Laughton—"Sure, a pair of stockings."

Miss Lyons—"You must grow up to be good. Don't you want to be looked up to?"

B. Daly—"Yes, but I'd rather be looked around at."

Turps—"Why do they have glass around the electric light bulbs?"

Dr. Swain—"To keep the light from going out."

Prof. Comstock—"The three young men in the front row were the ones who had their problems correct."

Buchele (from the rear of room)—"Pretty good team-work."

Mr. Marvin (putting an example of an address on the board)—"John Barleycorn."

Voice from rear of room—"100 Moss Ave."

"Why is your head like Saturday night?"

"Because it's the week-end."

"What would people do if a dollar tax were put on sugar?"

"Raise cane."

Have you seen

the Special Value
\$55.00 Suit

we are featuring
for young men?

We are showing
an extremely
low collar
(soft or stiff)



315 Main St.

Narrow silk
knit four-in-
hands,
\$2.50

"What shall I write an oral theme on?"

"On your cuff."

FINAL EXAM. IN ENGLISH 6.

1. (a) Define a sentence. (b) In what respect does your definition differ from the ordinary one?

Student—"If we can't answer (a) do we receive credit for answering (b) correctly?"

Girls may come and girls may go,
But we wait on forever.

—*Bennie and Floyd.*

Consider the little green cucumber. It never does its best fighting 'till it's down.

A grave digger dug a grave for man named Button. The bill read: "To one Button hole, \$5.00."

I want to be a though;
I want to smoke and chew;
I want to run around at night
Like the other fellows do.

—*Matter Campbell*



Styleplus
Clothes

THE BIG NAME
IN CLOTHES

SZOLD'S

"OUT OF THE HIGH RENT DISTRICT"

The Only Styleplus
Store in Peoria

Dutch Mienen—"Are the cylinders in this engine placed one in front of the other?"

Rogers—"No, they are placed one behind the other."

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet absolutely bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lovers' privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and an old maid, charity.

My girl calls me Honey because I have the hives.

FRESHMAN BOOK REPORT.

The moral of "Macbeth" is the effect of murder on the human body.

"That monkey looks like some one I know."

"His tail certainly has a familiar ring."

"You know Miss Greisser?"

"Yes."

"She has a sister that looks just like her."

"So has her sister."

"How did your nose get that way, John?"

"Pullman sleeper."

"Accident?"

"Birth mark."

"Hello, is this Mr. Marvin?"

"Yes."

"How many have you in your Eng. 8 class?"

"Thirty-five."

"That's right, good-bye."

YOU ARE INVITED

Come to Peoria's Popular Department Store, see the new things, all ready to wear—**Suits, Coats, Waists, Blouses, Dresses, Silk Negligee, Silk Undrewear, Silk Hosiery, Kid Gloves, etc.**

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Loose Leaf Note Books

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PHONE M 2830

Home Cooking and Plenty to Eat

Home Made Waffles, Pies and Cakes

Plate Dinner 35c

SPECIAL SUNDAY DINNERS

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FOR

Candy, Ice Cream and Regular Lunches

Special prices on Ice Cream for
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In New Banking House, 217 S. Adams St.

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Broken Lenses Duplicated

Phone Main 2714

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WHERE PEORIA GETS HER GLASSES

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2112 MAIN STREET

(Two blocks from Bradley Polytechnic Institute)

Special Dinner Dinners 50 cents

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So DELICIOUS and NOURISH-
ING that they should be on
every table.

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Choice Cut Flowers
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FOR EVERY CAR

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TWO LOCATIONS

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BIG RING*

Class Pins, Invitations, Programs,
phone us and Mr. Brigham will call
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Robbins Co.'s Samples



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BIG RING*

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Built to use 365 days
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They look new and stylish after months of wear, because the "shape" and "hang" is tailored into them and will stay as long as the clothes last; they're not just pressed into shape with a hot iron.

We have a model to please you, whether Freshman, Sophomore, Junior or Senior.

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